

Hawaiian Gazette

PUBLISHED BY
ROBERT CRIEVE,
Every Wednesday Morning,
AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
Foreign Subscribers, \$7.00 to \$10.00.
Single copies one dollar.

OFFICES—in the new Post Office Building
Merchant Street, Honolulu, H. I.

Margery Daw.

This is her, but I've never seen her. She's tall and thin, with dark hair. She has long, graceful hands and slender legs. She walks all day to the banjo shop, where she sits and plays. She's a student over whose books prefer. Her mother's a widow, and she's a good girl.

By Margery Daw.

Margery Daw! Up in the sky, the clouds are swaying, and I'm flying. Watch and wonder. What is the sky? Margery says, "It's the sky." Margery says, "It's the sky." Margery says, "It's the sky." Margery says, "It's the sky."

She says that was her white hand waving.

That's a nice wave, too. But now that was her white hand waving; it's a perfect picture of beauty. I can't believe it's true.

It's a perfect picture, too.

It's a perfect picture, too. By that little philosopher, Margery Daw.

See now!

Margery Daw! Up in the sky, the clouds are swaying, and I'm flying. Watch and wonder. What is the sky? Margery says,

The night is falling, the day grows older. Now the moon is rising, and it's time to go home. And Margery I can tell you, it's time to go home.

For Margery who was a student only,

But now that was her white hand waving;

It's a perfect picture of beauty. I can't believe it's true.

It's a perfect picture, too.

It's a perfect picture, too.